

› Somethin' 'Bout the West Coast

[Intro]

I once was the problem

Now I am the solution

I don't need no cop to police my neighborhood, when I saw it myself

Together we can take back our streets

That's for the love of the community and for the love of my fellow brothers

Ain't nobody lookin' out for us but us

[Verse 1: Paris]

It's something about the west coast

Hustlas on that let's go resist and represent though

Let the tech blow, ride for oppressed souls

Die for the right to know, liberation of my folks

Holdin' court in the streets, neighborhood respect

Gangland truce music beast

Keep the heat for the ones deservin', only for the ones that hurt us

Only for the ones that try to undermine our people's purpose

Thank you for your service

This hard truth slappin' sh\*t is not intended for the nervous

Not intended for the coons or the racists, no safe spaces

Just embrace the hate that them devils gave us

Channel it and handle our opponents

Knowin' how to grow us into soldiers is my only onus

Focused rage translated into action

Nation-building with my comrades is the pa\*\*ion

[Chorus: Ms. Monét]

It's funny what you see

When you're ridin' through the streets reflectin' on all the lessons

You learn on the path to becoming OG

Things really ain't what they used to be

So excuse me as I give a little game for free

[Verse 2: Paris]

Still mobbin', minus pullin' pistol on my people as an option

Taking it back to boulders from the shoulders straight squabbin'

Bringin' back composure with the locstas no dosha

Just focused, no hopelessness over this  
Police rollin' on us over some bogus quota sh\*t  
Banks with the homeowners hustle foreclosure sh\*t  
Politicians posted like they don't notice the homelessness  
You know I got a bone to pick, you know I'm letting them know what's going on with this  
Moment in time and space  
Collide my rhymes with ba\*\* and it's murder was the case  
P-Dog came to lace my loved ones  
On how it's hell being black and young, I once was  
But now I push this OG status, no beef crackin'  
More retreats goin' towards promotin' peace  
It's crazy how these woke and enlightened muthaf\*\*kas got all the answers  
But ain't got no reputation in these streets, it's deep, see  
Now we can funk up in the streets or we can get this money  
Pull up on 'em with the heat or we can get this money  
Continue livin' like a sheep or we can get this money  
Only a mark would think this gettin' money sh\*t is funny  
A crucial element to empowerment in this country  
I ain't tryin to see the homies as monkeys for companies  
F\*\*k waiting on some crooked culture vulture dollars  
It's about increasin' knowledge and achievin' scholarship  
Spread love it's the Bay way, no AK spray  
Just payday plays, I stay straight-laced  
Informationed up on how to make a buck  
These streets said drop a great one so I gave 'em one  
With somethin' you can slap bones too  
Shoot dice to, recite due Miranda rights if one time slide through  
Hard truth you know what it is  
Rest In Peace George Floyd, Nia Wilson, free Mumia, f\*\*k the pigs